

Coffee House

by Marita Krycek

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Summary: We've been listening to too much Denis Leary. Rated R for repetitive use of a 4-letter word.

Coffee House

Disclaimer: We don't own any of the characters or Denis Leary, although he'd certainly be an amusing acquisition.

Notes: Mulder's song and rants are sung to the tune "Asshole" by Denis Leary. It can be found on his "No Cure for Cancer" album. You won't possibly understand how this can be a song if you haven't heard it.

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Coffee House

by Marita & Krycek

(A dark coffee house. Mulder sits on a stool on stage, a beat up acoustic guitar lying across his knees. Krycek and Scully stand in a far corner of the stage waiting to sing backup. Both are wearing slinky, red-sequined dresses. Frohike is on drums.)

Mulder (spoken): Folks, I'd like to sing a song about the American Conspiracy. About me. About you. About the way our inactive alien DNA lurks way down in the bottom of our chests. About those special implants we get in the cockles of our hearts, maybe below the cockles, maybe in the subcockle area. Maybe in the liver. Maybe in the kidneys. Maybe even in the colon, we don't know.

Mulder (sings): I'm just a regular G-Man with an irregular job. I'm your average white urbanite slob. I like baseball, and porno, and books about cults. I got a sub-average apartment with lots of deadbolts.

My sister, my X-files, my partner, my quest. My UFO poster, and the

scars on my chest.

But sometimes that just ain't enough to keep a man like me interested.

Scully & Krycek: Oh no.

M: No way.

S & K: Uh-uh.

M: No, I gotta to go out and have fun at my partner's expense.

S & K: Oh yeah.

M: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I throw paranormal theories in your face, until the whole bureau thinks I'm a nutcase.

I'm an asshole!

S & K: He's an asshole, what an asshole.

M: I'm an asshole!

K: He's the world's biggest asshole!

M: While finding her ova was something I did, I walk around with Scully saying "You should have a kid!"

I'm an asshole!

S: He's an asshole, what an asshole.

M: I'm an asshole!

S & K: He's the world's biggest asshole!

M: Sometimes I drive through military bases, while MIB flunkies make MIB faces.

I'm an asshole!

S & K: He's an asshole, what an asshole.

M: I'm an asshole!

K: He's a real fucking asshole!

M: Maybe I shouldn't be singing this song, ranting and raving and carrying on. Maybe they're right when they tell me I'm wrong....

NAAHH!!!!

I'm an asshole!

S & K: He's an asshole, what an asshole.

M: I'm an asshole!

S & K: He's the world's biggest asshole!

Mulder (spoken): You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna get myself a 1947 Roswell UFO, Neon Green, with Ford Taurus hubcaps and all-charcoal Consortium skin interior and big brown alien hybrid eyes for headlights, yeah! And I'm gonna fly around in that baby at 1500 feet, buzzing Bill Scully's house and sucking down pieces of sweet potato pie out of Scully's big empty useless sterile evidence containers and when I'm done spitting sunflower seeds at the Pentagon, I'm gonna wipe my mouth on Skinner's best tie and then I'm gonna throw all their hybridization research right out the side and it ain't gonna make one goddamned bit of difference, you know why? Cause they got the clones.

Two words, alien fucking colonization, okay? Me, Scully, the Lone Gunmen - we can get all the evidence we want, we can have a big evidence parade down Pennsylvania Avenue and it won't make a lick of difference cause they've got the clones, okay? X isn't dead, he's frozen. And as soon as we find a cure for a gunshot wound to the chest we're gonna thaw out X and he's gonna be pretty pissed off. You know why? Cause X is always pissed off! So multiply that by 15,000,000 times, that's how pissed off X is gonna be. I'm gonna get X and Deep Throat...

S: Hey!

M: and Marita...

K: Hey!

M: and my father...

S & K: Hey!

M: and a case of bees and drive down to Texas...

S: Hey, you know, you really are an asshole!

M: Why don't you just shut up and sing the song, Scully?

M (resumes singing): I'm an asshole!

S & K: He's an asshole, what an asshole.

M: I'm an asshole!

S & K: He's the world's biggest asshole!

M: A-S-S-H-O-L-E! Everybody!

(The lights come up in the coffee house. It is filled with members of the Consortium, including CSM and Fowley, who are sitting right in front of the stage. The audience begins to sway as they sing along.)

All: A-S-S-H-O-L-E!

M: ARF ARF ARF ARF ARF ARF ARF FUNG TCHNG TUM A FUNG TUM A FLING CHUM

S & K: OoOoOoOoOoOo...

M (spoken): I'm an asshole and I'm proud of it!

End
file.